Real International Golf

Ushered In by the Advent of Miss Dod, British Champion.

woman has made possible an international championship on our links this season, the long discussed content on an American course of a British holder of the premier title of the year and the best of our own players. A British champion met defeat in the amateur at Baltusrol, but he was an American who had brought back the laurel with him, which is quite different from the situation at Merion.

There to-morrow, over the links in that aristocratic and picturesque suburb of Philadelphia which stands for the zeal that brought the staid Merion Cricket Chub into golf a decade ago, will set out single handed the British champion, Miss Lottle Dod, to oppose fourscore and three of America's women golfers. It is Bunker Hill reversed, and the numbers with the Continentalsthe ride of the stranger knight through the lists to challenge the famous championsor whatever else is suggestive of pluck and dering.

Miss Dod won the title on the famous Troon links last May, at the annual tournament of the Lady's Golf Union of Great Britain, which, by the way, is the one

With all the unexpectedness of the sox, a | thoroughly sound, representative and democratic championship meeting in Great Britain. This is because it has not been confined to a narrow group of links, but has been held impartially in England,

> Miss Dod's first instructor on the links was her brother, Anthony Dod, and prior to the victory at Troon she had been a bronze medalist—in 1898—and the holder of many records, including a 74 at Moreton, her home club, and a 90 over the men's course at Troon, both made with the solid

> Always brilliant from the tee, Miss Dod figure skating.

Victoria's Cross of women's golf, in playing for Cheshire in a match with Yorkshire, Miss Dod returned an 84, reducing the women's record by three strekes, but in the same match a quite unheralded player,

of the facts to make the American golfers take heart of grace. It shows that Miss Dod, like Miss M. Graham, who won in

women's golf abroad since 1899—Miss Rhona Adair and Miss May Hezlet. Miss Bhons Adair, who was the guest of 1901, is not quite the all-conquering phenom- Mrs. and Miss Griscom last fall, as Miss enon, the Harry Vardon in petticoats, of | Dod is now, arrived too late for the cham-Miss D. Chambers, did an St. This is one the two Irish girls who have dominated pionship, but she made an imperial prog-



ress through the many informal tourna-ments. She was the comet of the season-but our women have since been studying astronomy and no longer show trepida-tion when a comet appears.

but our women have since been studying astronomy and no longer show trepidation when a comet appears.

There are so many heiresses in the field to oppose the plucky Miss Dod that it is a wonder some of the wandering lordlings have not volunteered as caddles. The eighty-three are about equally divided between single and married women, with very rich girls in the majority. Yet, a proof of the tolerant and sporty spirit in which the women golf—or which they have learned from golf—a player who has a very strong chance to win is a Chicago newspaper girl, Miss J. Anna Carpenter, who used to carry the clubs of the Wheaton players for fun not many years ago in her zeal to learn the game.

will even up the chances, so that, unless Miss Dod should make a runawity race of it, the contest seems to be a very open one. This is the card, the round being of 5,852

carry the clubs of the Wheeton players for fun not many years ago in her zeal to learn the game.

Miss Carpenter was Miss Bessie Anthony's greatest rival, and, as the latter has not played since her marriage to Bernard S, Horne, the way to national golfing honors may now be open to the Chicago newspaper girl. She will have to recken with another Chicago girl, however, Miss Mabel Higgins, but who has played more in southers California and Florida than at Midlothian, her home links. Miss Higgins made a very good impression on the critics in the championship at Troon, being the first American player to enter in the event, but the luck of the draw brought her against Miss Rhona Adair in the first round.

It will be the first women's championship. The first will be a consolation medal play handicap on Tuesday afternoon for non-qualifiers, the prize being the gift of Robert W. Lesley. Wednesday afternoon there will be a bogey handicap, for a prize presented by C. S. Farnum and H. G. Lloyd; Friday, a best be supported by the contests, for prizes presented by C. S. Farnum and H. G. Lloyd; Friday, a best be supported by the supported by the supported by the gift of the Merion Cricket Club, and Saturday, the last of the added contests will be a mixed foursome bandicap, for trophies presented by Winth p Sargent and Lewis Lillie.

The Philadelphia clubs claims 37, Boston and New England, 15; the New York district, 21; Chicago, 3; Cincinnati, 1; Washington, 1; Albany, 1; Poughkeepsie, 1; San Francisco, 1, and Los Angeles, 1. The amall Chicago entry is a disappointment.

The Merion course is lesse exacting and easier than Wheaton, where Miss Anthony won last year, or Brookline and Baltusrol, the scenes of the victorica of Miss Geneview Hecker (Mirs. C. T. Stout) in 1923 and 1901. As a consequence there is not such a premium on the long game, and this?

Adair in the first round.

The wind a consensual the such as a consolation medal play handicap on Tuesday afternoon there will be a possible prize presented by C. S. Farnum an

Army of First Nighters Mobilized for Its Duty

The army of so-called first nighters has | seats be set aside for them at every first

The army of so-called first nighters has mobilized for the season, and in the performances already given has shown that it will be as active as ever this winter. It cannot be said that its members have changed in any important particular from preceding years.

There are some new faces. That was to be expected, for a bookmaker may strike it rich long enough to desire the social distinction which, to his mind, attaches to membership in the noble company of first nighters, or another Western millionaire may move to New York and still be laboring under the impression that to belong to the first night coterie is going to advance ing under the impression that to belong to the first night coterie is going to edvance his social aspirations. After a while he by the receipts of first night performances at theatres that have not this foundation will learn his mistake.

The value of a clientelellike that is shown by the receipts of first night performances are nand women whose names will be found in the lists of guesta a social events; but they are rare apparitions. There used to be in the older days of Wallack's, when it was situated at Thirteenth street and Broadway, a distinctly fashionable atmosphere about the audiences that gathered to see the first performances of the new plays. But that is no longer true of first nights of the state of nirst inghts might suppose from the brilliancy of the audiences that they really represented fashion. But the brilliancy is not that of fashion, but of money, which, however, is just as important to the management of the theatres.

Of course, the first night audiences differ in some particulars at different performances are the same. Certain actresses appeal to some elements of the community much more strongly than others.

There was amusing evidence of this partiality the other might, when an actress who had been in retirement for several years appeared again in public. It used to be said during her prime that nobody ever gathered such audiences and change and the first partiality the other night, when an actress who had been in retirement for several years appeared again in public. It used to be said during her prime that nobody ever gathered such audiences and change in the partiality the content of the theatres, and the partial first mights audience and the partial first might and the partial first might sudience and the partial first might and the partial first might and the regular first nighters are not numerous enough to fill up a theatre. The value of first night audiences differ in some particulars a important to the manager, however, is the verified of the heatres are the same. Certain actresses appeal to some elements of the theatres, and the partial first might sudiences and the content of the first partial first might sudiences and the content of the first partial first might sudiences and the content of the first partial fi

I ever had the curtain had to be raised eleven times after the so-called great scene. It rarely got up more than once after that.

"If, on the other hand, even the first night andience is not able to get the curtain up once or twice it's fairly certain that a play's a failure. But a mixed, rather mild reception to a play from a first night andience really means nothing.

"All to be done then is to await the increase in the receipts. I've seen so many enthusiastic first night andiences and such frield satherings the night after that I take as little stock as the average manager in the first night andience's approval." gathered the same crowd on her reappearance, although there was the same increase in age to be noticed in most of the spectators

that could be seen in her. The foreign artists as a rule attract the most fashionable audiences. When Eleonore Duse plays here she is greeted by a mixture of fashionable and intellectual

Sarah Bernhardt is certain to get a fashionable audience, and Elsie de Wolfe will beat all her rivals in drawing a first night audience that looks like a section of Mrs. Astor's visiting list. This is possible because Miss de Wolfe has a large acquaintance among these people.

When Mme. Rejane came to New York first, she played for four weeks to small, but very fashionable, audiences. If their quantity had been up to their quality. she would have been a great financial

But the social side of the first night audi-

But the social side of the first night audience is so unimportant as to be scarcely regarded nowadays. The picturesque regulars are the really significant characteristics of the first night audiences.

There are the three guardsmen, as they are commonly called, comprising the art dealer, the architect and the man who divides his time and money between backing theatrical productions and conducting a racing stable. Occasionally this devoted trio, which never falls to make its appearance at all first night performances, is increased to a quartet by the presence of a bearded clubman who for a while took artistic photographs. only with smiles, put it down to shyness. the nurse replied. Then, turning to the child, she cooed "Who's a spoiled pet?" made a courtesy with a beaming smile. The pantomime plainly meant "I am."

a bearded clubman who for a while took artistic photographs.

Just as indispensable as this quartet among first nighters is the little lawyer who is so well known that he receives tickets for every first night in the city, however great the demand for them may be. The money is well invested, for the enthusiasm with which he applicated all the good shows and does the best he can to root for the bad ones ought to gratify the heart of any manager.

menager.
The fat bookmaker and his wife, who so The fat bookmaker and his wife, who so resembles Loie Fuller that they have often been mistaken for each other; the pointed bearded betting commissioner and his ornately dressed wife; the slim, youthful leoking Fith avenue milliner, in impeccable evening dress, who is said to ean \$00,000 a year; the pale young husband and his more mature wife, who looks rather bored after such a long succession of first mights—these are familiar figures every time a new play is presented.

They may be compelled at the beginning of the season to go every night for a week when the managers, to avoid a clash, string out one new play after another. But the hardened first nighters feel it their duty to follow the crowd, however tired and

follow the crowd, however tired and eyed they may look by the end of the

The managers that used to give out lists The managers that used to give out lists of the persons to be found at first night performances discontinued the practice after a while because it kept away the element that gave these gatherings aocial ing witner. The profe who had had the land the land to good of list night because they enjoyed the suppressed excitement of the occasions, or were really interested in the plays, found that they were pillorled the next morning with people belonging to another world. This they did not like. Another circumstance that helped to not the first nights of all social restige was the so-called first night list wilch all the managers prepared. Persons who wanted to be included in the audiences wrote to the managers requesting the

Scotland, Wales and Ireland in turn.

is also very steady in approaching and putting. She was the champion lawn tennis player for several seasons before taking up golf in the tournament way, and she plays both games with equal pleasure. But Miss Dodis the embodiment of the athletic English gentlewoman that Du Maurier loved to depict, and a marvel of energy, changing from the links or the court to hockey (she has played forward in the English vs. Scotswomen's match) and she is an adept at Since winning the title at Troon, the

The value of a clientele like that is shown

in the first night a disce's approval.

A GIRL WITHOUT A VOICE.

Pet of a Hospital Breather Through Wire

Screen in Her Throat-Her Puture.

As the head nurse made her round of the

private ward of a city hospital she had a

old, with dark ringlets and brown eyes,

pretty little girl in tow-not over 4 years

plump and healthy looking and very nicely

A convalescent patient beckoned to the

child. She came readily, shook hands and

let herself be kissed and caressed like other

children. The patient asked her playful

questions and, noticing that she answered

"Yes, she's been with us some time, and

guess she'll be here a good while yet,"

The little thing spread out her hands and

"And who spoils you?" the nurse went

With a coy wriggle the child stretched

"Can't she speak?" asked the conva-

Sure enough, a little above the breast

bone there was a blackened wrinkled patch

amid the white skin, and in the middle of

it there was a metal ring framing a fine wire gauze screen a little more than half an inch in diameter. The ribbons at her

an inch in diameter. The hoosis at the neck half hid it,
"She breathes through that," said the nurse, "the upper part of the air passage is completely closed."
"And will she never be able to speak?"

asked the convalescent,
"I'm afraid not," said the nurse. "It's
a had case."

it was asked what the child's chances were

he said
"I think the nurse exaggerates. Women

"I think the nurse exaggerates. Women like to take the sentimental view. It was a diphtheria case, and I think the chances are excellent that the trachea—the air passage, you know—will be dilated and will resume its normal functions. That is rb-t occurs in a vast number of cases."

"But if not, might she grow up that way, never able to speak, and breathing through hat metal thing—become a woman and grow old!

The specialist hesitated a little.

"Oh, well," said he, "in a large number of cases we restore everything to the normal condition in the course of a year or

mrl condition in the course of a year or so, and then, you kn —well, you know they're very liable to neumonia, breath-ing that way throu a an artificial open-ing."

When the specialist who knows all about

"Not a word," said the nurse.

you see the plate in her throat?"

out her arm and her tiny forefinger pointed

"A little patient?" he asked.

dressed.

to the nurse.

lescent nurse in a whisper.

seats always.

TIME OF WOE FOR INDIAN

They Must Now Go to School. They Dread It More Than White Children and They Are Worse at Running Away

come ill, and the agency physician doses them with strange and bitter medicines.

They famish on their invalid food and long

for some hygienically impossible mess which

they know is simmering on the tepee fire

Sometimes, when the mother visits her

sick child, she brings, concealed under her

dress, wild grapes, plums or meat which she stealthily gives to the boy. The physician is surprised at the change for the worse

in his patient, and a day or two later the

oody of a little boy is carried away by the

father and mother and buried beneath a

pile of stones on a high knoll that stands,

The longing to return home often seizes

upon the Indian boy or girl in school with

desperate intensity. Generally, they break

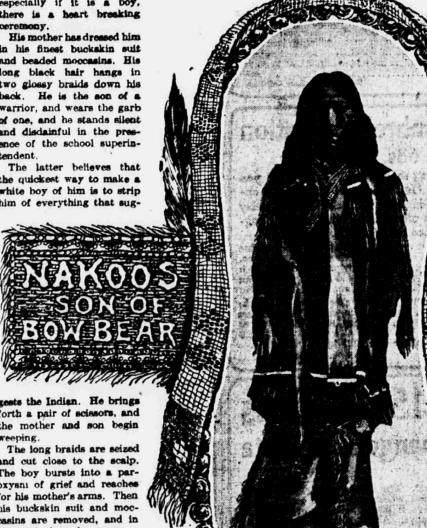
sentinel like, on the prairie.

at home.

WHITEAGLE, Okla., Oct. 9 .- For several weeks Indian agency policemen have been riding through the reservations in Oklahoma to bring from their hiding places Indian boys and girls of school age. Many parents look upon this school captivity with no less bitterness than the children.

Despite their reputation for stoicism. the Indian father and mother bestow the utmost affection upon their children and many of them live in dread of the day when the long summer of camp freedom and happiness must end and the tepes be without the prattle and laughter of the children. So reluctant are some Indian parents to give up their children, that the Indian agents withhold rations and annuity money till the children are placed in school. Often the children are secluded till hunger forces the parents to comply with the school

The tepee poles and the camp equipage are loaded into the wagon, the ponies are harnessed, and the family starts for the agency school, followed by a pack of the nondescript dogs that infest every Indian camp. If the child has never be-



gests the Indian. He brings forth a pair of scissors, and the mother and son begin

The long braids are seized and cut close to the scalp. The boy bursts into a paroxysni of grief and reaches for his mother's arms. Then his buckskin suit and moccasins are removed, and in place of them he wears a shirt, a coat, a hat, stockings and a pair of coarse shoes, and his misery is complete.

This is what happened to little Nakoos, son of Bear Bow, a Cheyenne, whose picture shows him as he stood at the door of the agency school at Colony, Okla., just after parting with his mother. Poor Nakoos

wept many days before he grew accustomed to the miseries of his new life. To the Indian child just from the tepee beneath the trees along the river side the school dormitories are stifling. At the Euchee Mission, in the Creek Nation, a year or so ago, the children said they were

suffocating when the dormitory windows were closed at night, and the boys broke all the window panes to let in the cool air. They disliked their beds and preferred to lie outdoors on the bare ground.

Often these untamed little savages be-

FOREIGNERS SPOUT BEST.

Conviction Perced on the Settlement

Worker by a Pushcart Men's Debate. "The more I see of our foreign population." said an East Side settlement worker, "the more I realize that Americans are the poorest orators in the world. Go to any committee meeting, any olub meeting, and notice how even the best educated Americans hesitate and shuffle about unconvincingly for words.

"For contrast you ought to attend a meeting of an Italian society. The poor-est and most ignorant workingman of them all has the art of talking convincingly. H . knows by instinct how to hold a pause for an effect, how to slide off gracefully into a period. I've seen a little Italian barber it at lift his a dience off their feet. Next to the Italians, the Jews are the

Indian children. The greatest percentage of runaways is among boys from 12 to 20 years old. An employee at the Ponca Indian Agency, at Whiteagle, talking of his experiences with runaways, said: No time is lost in rounding up the truants, Frequently the runaway is gone several hours before his absence is known, but the telegraph and telephone are ahead of

ment, for it is laid down absolutely in the

must an Indian child be cruelly dealt with.

school rules that under no provocation

But this preference is common among

best orators on the East Side. I don't understand Yiddish, but from their wan ner and tone and the effect on the audience you can tell they're the real thing. "I attended the pushcart peddlers' meet ings last month, and I've attended sessions of the House of Representatives in Washington. Leaving out language and thought,

of the pushcart men for ease of manner. naturalness of gesture magnetism and "The Greeks, Hungarians and, in fact, all the Slavonic people are good, ready speakers. The Germans, I suppose, are the poorest talkers, next to the Anglo-Saxons. There's a certain restraint in the northern nature, I suppose, which keeps the men of northern races from throwing

themselves into the subject when they are

making speeches."

escorted to Chilocco last December remained over Sunday and were returning to the reservation ahead of me by the time I had started home. Unfortunately for them, they got on the smoker of the returning train and one of them looked into the coach.

him, and back he goes, often before fairly

well started for home, for that is where

he makes for every time, and it is only

"The reservation police can always be

depended upon to ferret out their hiding

place, once they return to the reservation.

And this is no light task, for often some

relative or friend keeps them informed

as to the whereabouts of the policemen

"One party of five Ponca boys that I

and helps to hide the runaway.

a question of route as to where he will be

encountered.

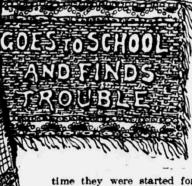
away at the first opportunity.

It seems strange that they should prefer "I instantly surmised that the others the filth and squalor of camp life, exposed were with him, and soon had three of them under guard. One of the others refused to variable climatic conditions and disto come in and I grappled with him on the ease, poorly clad, half starved, unkempt platform while the train was running 40 and unwashed, to life in an agency school, miles an hour. This was too dangerous, where there is a well lighted, well ventilated and sanitary building, where they get three | and I released him.

"When the train reached Ponca City he jumped to the ground and I sprang after him, but he ran so fast that I could not overtake him. I fired my pistol twice over his head, but this only increased his speed, and he escaped. The three others I imprisoned at the agency.

"All were finally captured and started back in custody of a Chilocco employee. Two eluded him at Ponca City. and in a week the five were "The police scoured the reservation day and night

again on the reservation. for a week before the runaways were found. This



Haskell, but on the way to the railroad station three jumped from the conveyance and disappeared for four days. A keen-scented policeman, Louis De Lodge, trailed one for sixty miles into dense timber in the Osage Indian reservation.

"I got them headed for Haskell the second time. handcuffed in pairs, and to my surprise delivered them to the disciplinarian. He kept them without their clothing for a week and then set them to work under guard.

"Their behavior was good good meals a day, plenty of clean under- | and the guard was removed. Next mornwear, good baths and the best of treat- ing the boys were gone.

"The superintendent at Haskell complained that the boys were a detriment to the school, and in a letter to the Ponca Indian agent jestingly urged him to write to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for authority to shoot all of them.

"These boys have baffled the efforts of two superintendents and eight Indian policemen, not counting the efforts of em-ployees who were detailed in each instance to return them to school, and at considerable expense. My trip to Haskell cost nearly \$100, and was the third in as many months."

Night Hawks' Nest on a Roof. From the Columbus Dispatch.

The janitor of one of the tall office buildcently and was more than startled by a large oird which took to flight with a protesting cry from a place beneath his feet, and he barely escaped stepping upon two darkly marked eggs. There was not the sign of a must say that the comparison is in favor iest, for night hawks, roof dwellers that they are, lack either the art or the inclination to provide other than a hard bed for their

provide other than a hard bed for their young.

The bird hatched its little ones unmolested, the janitor telling but one person of his find, and to-night, it may be, they will take their first flight into a darkened world. They will see their way well enough, for the night hawk holds in contempt the creatures needing anything brighter than starlight to make clear the path. The parent birds have kept up their food bearing trips after all the world has been a sep, no matter what the disturbances down on the ground; they have been faithful as birds are always faithful to the parental instinct.

CHILDREN The Colonel Gives the Facts About a Kentucky Shooting

sonally. Why, he was one of the finest fellahs you evah laid eyes on, and the most of that little Harrodsburg town, all scared to that little Harrodsburg town, all scared to death, backin' up against the wall of a to death, backin' up against the wall of a house, to keep from gettin' shot to death, hashington, laughin' and talkin' and chinnin' with Dave Colson. I nevah saw Dave Colson shoot at anybody what hadn't begun to shoot at anybody what hadn't begun to shoot at him fust, and that's mo' than you can say of mos' Kentuckians.

"You remembah, don't you, the shootin' of the Galligers at Harrodsburg. Ky, when

of the Galligers at Harrodsburg, Ky., when you was a little gurl? Well, Dave Colson's careah was somethin' like that man's what did the shootin'. All the shootin' he done was fo'ced upon him. "I know you haven't forgot that shootin

of the Galligers because I have heald you tell about it-how you was comin' down the main street of the town when the shootin' commenced, and saw it all. "Harrodsburg is a pretty lively town in

the shootin' line. I know. It's customa'y for the women and children to drop flat on the flo' when the shootin' begins there, and stay there till they quit, not darin' to go neah a windah.

"You know, then, how the whole trouble of the Galliger shootin' come about. The Galligers got that man up in a room, won all his money away from him, then best him ovah the haid with a hors pistol.

"The man-I forget his name-was laid up two or three weeks from the blows. Then, as soon as he recovahd-he was a lame man at that-he stood up in front of his barroom and shot the whole posse of them as they come out of the Potest House, across the street. Cleaned out the whole endurin' fam'ly.

one. The youngest son. I remembah now, as he come out to see what the shootin' was all about and saw his father and two brothers layin' on the ground, shot thro' the heart, the lame man he says to him,

says he:
"'I aint got nothin' agin you. Go on back in. "And the young fellah he went on back

in, and saved his life. "Now, I call that shootin' under strong provocation. What right had them there Galligers to beat a po' lame man ovah the head with a hoss pistol? None a tall. "It was the same way with Dave Colson.

The same way exactly.

"As I tole you befo', Dave Colson was a fine educated, cultured man. He was a college bred man and as meek as a lamb until he got stahted. This was how they stahted him:

"He was a membah of the Legislature in his own State. Then he was sent to Congress. He threw up his position in Congress to go to Cubah in the Spanish-American Wah. He was made Lieutenant in that wah at a little post called Anniston,

in Alabamah. "Now, at the same time there was a young man at Anniston servin' in the army as private, I think, named Scott. He was a nephew of Bradley, who was Gov'nor of

Kentucky. "This young fellah thought he would run rough shod ovah Dave Colson and he couldn't do nothin' with him on account of his bein' a nephew of the Gov'nor of

Kentucky. That was where he was mistaken. You can't run rough shod ovah any Kentuckian with any sort of spirit in him. No. I didn't say spirits; I said spirit. "Young Scott made every sort of trouble he could for Dave Colson. There wa'n't

a mo' insubordinate young man at that post than he was. Doin' it out of puah devil-ment, just to see how much Dave Colson would stan'.

ment, just to see how much Dave Colson would stan'.

"After a while they all got together in a barroom down there at Anniston and Scott began to insuk Dave Colson to his face, he and some frien's of his. They was too many for Colson that time, just as the Galligers was too many for the man that afterward shot them.

"These young fellahs shot Dave in the right ahm, the pistol ahm, and they paralyzed it slightly. Then they hit him on the temple, givin' him the blow that finally ended in his insanity and suicide.

"Well, Colson he was laid up fo' about three weeks with this blow on his head and his bad ahm. Then when he got up there was somethin' doin'.

"But by that time his company had broke up and he wa'n't Lieutenant no longah. So he went to Frankfort, Ky.

"As it happened, young Scott went there, too, and for the second time they met in a café or barroom or somethin'. There was some hot words and the fight commenced.

"As I tole you befo', Dave's arm was slightly dieffigered by that pistol shot of young Scott's down at Anniston, but he

"As I tole you pero', haves arm was slightly disfiggered by that pistol shot of young Scott's down at Anniston, but he done the bes' he could, and that wa'n't half bad, s' far's shootin' goes, even for

a Kentuckian.

"It's about the worst thing that could happen to a Kentuckian to have his pistol ahm analyzed, but, as I say, Colson, he done the bes' he could undah the circum-

stances.

"Well, Scott, he began to shoot first, s' far's I kin get the right of it; then Colson, he lit in, and what he done was good and plenty.

"Scott. he was a big giant of a fellah, like a bahn do' to shoot at. Nevah no fesh of not hittin' him, long's yore sight was good. So what does he do but grab up a

"It is very fatiguin' to me," said the perfec' stranger, and ho! him out in front Kentucky Colonel, "to heah all this talk goin' the roun's about Dave Colson.

"I knew Dave Colson. Knew him pussonally. Why, he was one of the finest worst of it in these free-for-all fights, same's the round of the finest worst of it in these free-for-all fights, same's the round of the finest worst of it in these free-for-all fights, same's the round of the rou

up in front of him to ward off the shots.
These strangers standin' promiscuously about get held up in mo' ways than one.
Yes. You're right about that.
"Well, Dave Colson didn't do a thing but shoot plum through the stranger—his name was found out at the inquest to be Damaree, I believe—and into that fellah Scott.

Damaree, I believe—and into that fellah Scott.

"That was a mighty good pistol Dave had that time. I've often tried to find out the make of it, but couldn't.

"Then you see perfectly well that the stranger wa'n't no good no longah for a shield. He was dead as a do' nail; so Scott, he dropped him and ran.

"It was about time, because Colson had done got up his dander good sand fine. He shot him as he ran down the steps, then he shot another fellah, a stranger too, since I come to think of it, in the back in such a way that if some special providence hadn't had an eye on him, he'd a dropped dead there and then. But he didn't. Aftai some months in a hospital, I believe they say he got well. It was a miracle.

"And that wa'n't all. He shot anothah man in the calf of the leg, all by mistake—they was standin' round appa'ently thick as flies in the summer time, lookin on—and this fellah didn't do nothin' but drop dead in his tracks. And it wa'n't the shot, either. It was heart trouble or somettin'.

"And what business did a man with heart trouble so bad he couldn't stan' a little

"And what business did a man with heart trouble so bad he couldn't stan' a little scratch in the calf of the leg, in the fieshy paht that shouldn't a hurt him more'n a fiesh where the calf of the leg, in the fieshy paht that shouldn't a hurt him more'n a fiesh bits. flea bite, have standin' idlin' about in a Kentucky barroom, where a fight was liable to occur mos' any minute of the day or

night?

"I believe he disabled or killed five or six that whirl, Dave did, but that was all six that whirl, done and didn't he have the shootin' he done, and didn't he have provocation for doin' that? You've lived in Kentucky long enough to be a good judge. Of co'se he did.

"Aftah that there is a good in the control of the

in Kentucky long enough to be a good judge. Of co'se he did.

"Aftah that they let Dave Colson alone. He'd killed 'am all off, you say? There wa'n't nobody lef' to molest him? Well. maybe you're right and that did have somethin't to do with it.

"But the saddest paht of it all is this, that the fust blow the young fellah Scott gave to Dave was the cause of his death. It what brought on his insanity, as I said befo'.

"He was took sick and the nuss lef' him a minnit, then he got up and dressed and stahted out. Hitched up his hoss and went drivin' all by himse'f.

"I believe, now I come to think of it. that that there nuss went to sleep. That was how Dave got free to go out drivin' and shoot himse'f.

"I was sorry to heah how he shot himse'f in the hed, fust shootin' his hoss. It was

in the hed, fust shootin' his hose. It was a sad thing to heah about. It was a sort of pity, too, s' long's he was boun' and determined to shoot himse'f, he didn't think

to spaah the hoss.

"He was a mighty good man. Dave was one of the best and mildest mannahd men you evan saw in your life, meetin' him "I nevah knew him to draw a gun on a

And he wouldn't 'a' done it that one time, if he hadn't had the ve'y strongest kind of "Pore Dave!"

PARKER WITH BLUE EYES. Mistake in a Portrait Painted From a

As Alton B. Parker was striding do Fifth avenue a few days ago, taking his before breakfast constitutional, his attention was struck by a portrait, purporting to be of himself, in an art dealer's window. The Judge surveyed it for almost a minute, and then went on, looking puzzled.

"Arthur," he said to his secretary, later in the day, "I wish you would look in —-'s window to-day and examine a picture that is supposed to be of me, but really isn't. Something is the matter with k, but I did not have time enough to look it over care-

fully."
Mr. McCausland went to the art store Ar. McCausland went to the art store as soon as he had twenty minutes leisure. Yes, the portrait did resemble the Presi-dential candidate, but there was some-thing radically wrong. It took Mr. McCausland three minutes

to discover just what was the matter. Then he laughed, and went in to tell the art dealer, who presently withdrew the portrait, which had been done in oils from a photograph. Judge Parker's eyes are brown. The portrait had them a deep blue.

Cutting Off the End of a Cigar. From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"No, indeed: I do not think much of the man who will cut the end of his cigar off with a knife, nip it off with a nipper, or clip it off with a clipper," said the smoker, "though I suppose most persons will regard the matter as of small consequence. From m, way of looking at it, the habit of cutting the end off a cigar before beginning to smoke i is bar-

a cigar before beginning to smoke 1 is parbarous.

"So far as I know, no question of etiquette is involved in the matter. You can cut, nip or clip or bits, just as you please, so far as the etiquette of the matter is concerned. It is not a matter of form. But there is a question of getting the best results, and that's the only point I have in mind. Bite the end of your cigar off, old man, if you want the best results, and I ought to know what I'm talking about, for I have smoked a long time, and have tried all systems."